

Florish.

## PROLOGVE.

**N**ew Playes, and Maydenheads, are neare a kin,  
Much follow'd both, for both much mony g'yn,  
If they stand sound, and well : And a good Play  
(Whose modest Sceanes blush on his marriage day,  
And shake to loose his honour) is like hir  
That after holy Tye, and first night's stir  
Yet still is Modestie, and still retaines  
More of the maid to sight, than Husbands paines ;  
We pray our Play may be so ; For I am sure  
It has a noble Breeder, and a pure,  
A learned, and a Poet never went  
More famous yet twixt Po and silver Trent.  
Chaucer (of all admir'd) the Story gives,  
There constant to Eternity it lives ;  
If we let fall the Noblenesse of this,  
And the first sound this child heare, be a hisse,  
How will it shake the bones of that good man,  
And make him cry from under ground, O far  
From me the wittles chaffe of such a wrighter (lighter  
That blastes my Bayes, and my fam'd workes makes  
Then Robin Hood ? This is the feare we bring ;  
For to say Truth, it were an endlesse thing,  
And too ambitious to aspire to him ;  
Weake as we are, and almost breathlesse swim  
In this deepe water. Do but you hold out  
Your helping hands, and we shall take about,  
And something doe to save us : You shall heare  
Sceanes though below his Art, may yet appeare  
Worth two houres travell. To his bones sweet sleepe :  
Content to you. If this play doe not keepe,  
A little dull time from us, we perceave  
Our losses fall so thicke, we must needs leave.

Florish.



The

Enter Hymen  
Robe before singi  
a Nymph, encomp  
land. Then Th  
wheaten Chaplet  
lead by Theseus,  
head (her Tresses  
ding up her Trai

**R**oses t  
Not  
But in  
Maie

Dazies smel-le  
And sweet Tim

Prim-rose frst b  
Merry Spring ti  
With her bells din  
Oxlips, in their  
Mary-golds, on  
Larkes-heeles tr